ELCOME
THE HEROES.

Prepares to Receive
Her Warriors.

REEVES' DEATH.

Was Singing for Charity
He Expired — Marl-
h's Wife's Arrogance Pro-
Lawsuit—An Aristocratic
Ill Seek Legal Separation.

Oct. 27.—The preparations
elcome on their return to
rom South Africa the few
en who constitute the City
Volunteers have entirely
d England's attention this
nishing from notice mat-
nternational importance.
nouncement of the non-ar-
he volunteers and the con-
ostponement of the pageant
at disappointment to many
of people from all parts
ntry who are now aimless-
g the route. The throngs
eat that business is prac-
spended and traffic disor-

t big celebration will prob-
e November 10, when Gen.
due at Southampton. He
ve the freedom of several
t will doubtless have a
t progress.

oberts and Rhodes.

Roberts is expected in De-
nd the same month another
ed man, Cecil Rhodes, will
om South Africa. In pur-
his determination to adopt
ligation until the war is
s likely that Mr. Rhodes'
ing will be quieter than
e most insignificant private
y Imperial Volunteers.

Buller's Future.

serted that Major Goold-
he British commissioner in
kind, will be made Governa-
Orange River Colony.

Buller is stated to resume
of Aldershot. Gen. Kitch-
said, will temporarily suc-
Roberts in command of the
South Africa, but will, it
asserted, be eventually
by Major-General Lytte-
Kitchener will then be like-
e home and assume the du-
djutant-general.

A Sad Incident.

th of Sims Reeves on Thurs-
t Worthing removes an idol
itish public who for thirty
ssed any prima donna of
s. Lengthy obituaries and
ces of the famous tenor
all sides. But a pathetic
nnected with his death has
aped attention. Reeves
chill a few days ago, and
ed into bronchitis. But his
was so improved Thursday
that he was not believed to
er. Mrs. Reeves, many years
than her husband, to whom
married in 1895, after the
his first wife, left her hus-
their modest home in Worth-
g in London for the benefit
rivors of Balaklava. Just as
s commenced singing "Kath-
urneen" a telegram was re-
the theatre announcing the
Sims Reeves. When the song
ed and the applause was at
, the news of her husband's
s broken to her, but the audi-
rant of this behind the
agically kept on demanding
. The widow was removed
theatre on the verge of col-

of Step-Mother-in-Law.

William Beresford (formerly
hess of Marlborough) has
action against the young
Marlborough to recover the
hich she spent in improving
Palace during the lifetime
t Duke. The matter came up
when the present Duke
d to the estate, but owing to
dly relations existing be-
e Duke and his stepmother
temporarily arranged. Since
's marriage to Consuela Van-
t is reported an estrange-
grown up between Lady
and her stepson. On more
occasion, it is said, the
erican Duchess censured her
oman (Lady Beresford was
Mrs. Louis Hammersley, of
k), until the latter deter-
e could not submit to such
t any longer, and she now
s law to compel her stepson
n the amounts she spent on

Another Family Row.

r aristocratic law suit,
ill shortly be heard in cam-
his application of the Mar-
of Anglesey to have her
to the Marquis, who is
the Paget family, declared
hey only became man and
1808, but it was strictly a
of convenance between the
arranged for the sake of
g property which otherwise
have been touched by
them. They both agreed
their own lives. Apparently,
rdinary arrangement did
k well, in more ways than
is asserted that the Mar-
ed to give his wife £5,000
year, and £6,000 the second
so on, until the allowance
£10,000 a year. However,
ged allowance was stopped
mediately. Lady Anglesey,
scribes herself "otherwise
d" (her maiden name), now
to get out of the bargain
is rumored, if successful, she
ry Count Herman Von Hatz-

k plush out of which hats are
mes almost exclusively from
all attempts to produce it
nited States having ended in
Nine-tenths of the hats worn
ica are made from the fur
abbit and hare.

THE QUEEN'S TOKEN

It was Mr. Vaughan who accompanied the two girls in their exploration of the ancient portions of the castle, and who brought out of the storehouse of his memory innumerable legends, traditions, and veritable histories which enriched every nook and corner of the old building, and fostered the romantic tastes common to the two, who were otherwise so unlike. He could assign a date to every object, and resuscitate the history of its time; conjure up the spirits of the past, and surround his companions—his pupils, as they called themselves—with the atmosphere of the chivalrous and legendary ages.

The isolation of Tredethlyn Castle was a boon to its young mistress. She had many visitors, it is true, but they came at stated times, and made the usual stay "a rest day," and then departed, leaving her time free, not subject to the constant, meaningless interruptions which are the bane of modern "society." There was nothing in her luxurious, stately life of the senseless whirl, the utter mindlessness and soullessnes of fahionble existence. Sir Bernard and his daughter might have been a sixteenth century deigneur and chatelaine in their feudal dignity, their tenure of honor and obedience, and their entire absorption in local interests and avocations. The apprehensions of Mother Skirrow were unfounded. Sir Bernard was very kind to his daughter's friend, strictly courteous to his foreign guest; but he was, perhaps, the only person who had ever seen the two together. And failed to perceive that Blanche was not comparable in external charms with the beautiful, graceful, accomplished, dignified, and high-spirited Gemma di Valdimonte.

Blanche Tredethlyn was not a pretty girl. She had no beauty of feature, except such as might be found in her dark-grey eyes, which had unusual depth and nobility of expression, and in the soft, pathetic lines of a mouth which wore the impress of her high birth and gentle nurture. She was pale, and slight, and small, and her face wore a thoughtful, dreamy expression, which marred its youthfulness, and spoke to the observant of a mind matured and serious beyond her years.

"Your name is Italian, but your language is French," said Mr. Vaughan to Gemma di Valdimonte a few days after the arrival at Tredethlyn, and when they were examining the lumber room already mentioned.

"I am French," replied Gemma, "by birth, by distant parentage, and by predilection. My immediate ancestors lived in Piedmont, our family is French, as our name once was, but it has been Italianized, as the custom there is. I believe we could compete with Miss Tredethlyn herself, in point of antiquity of race and the vicissitudes of our family fortunes."

"You must tell Mr. Vaughan about it all, Gemma. He is enthusiastic about things of the kind, as enthusiastic as papa and I, and far better informed, papa says. Only think, Mr. Vaughan, Gemma's family was of old nobility in France, in the days of the Valois, and lost all in the cause of Queen Mary."

"A good cause, a good cause! I honor their memory, and hold such a family tradition as a great treasure," said Mr. Vaughan.

Gemma smiled. "So do I," she replied; "but it is unsubstantial, and, unhappily, the only one belonging to us. We are French, as I said before, and our name is De Valmont. Ages ago, when Henry II, was King of France, and the Queen of Scotland was betrothed to the Dauphin, the Comte De Valmont was one of the gentlemen-in-waiting to the young prince. He was an odd sort of man, and though young and handsome, and in high favor, he suddenly left the court and the world, and went into a monastery—I don't know where—and there was an end of him. He left almost all his wealth to his younger brother, the Chevalier de Valmont; and he, too, disappeared, but not, so far as was known or surmised, into a monastery. The brothers had an uncle, with whom their father had quarrelled, and whom they did not know. He lived in Gascony, when he was not following a soldier's fortune, and my father is descended from him. This Claude de Valmont was in the service of Philibert of Savoy after the peace, and finally settled in Piedmont, but not until he had endeavored to trace the fate of his nephews, to whose property he would have been entitled. It was owing to these efforts, and the powerful motives which prompted them, that so much of the history of our family in those old, old times was preserved, though they don't seem so very old either, in this castle, and among so many relics of them. Louis de Valmont fell into disgrace at the court, after his brother quitted it, in consequence of his devotion to the Queen of Scotland. When she went, so reluctantly, to the black northern kingdom, the young man made part of her suite; and when he, with her other friends and would-be protectors returned to France, he never ceased to urge her cause. Vanly, however, and everything went ill with her. Not long after the truth of her rigorous imprisonment in England reached France, the Chevalier de Valmont left Paris, having, it was supposed, turned the greater part of his wealth into jewels—it was certain that he had purchased a large quantity—and traveled to Bordeaux. There he took ship on board a trading vessel, and he was never again heard of. Claude de Valmont claimed and received any remnant of the wealth of the Chevalier which could be realized, and the proces was preserved among the family records. Whether the Chevalier went to England to conspire in the Queen's cause, and fell a victim to his enterprise, or whether he perished at sea, was never known. The old castle in Piedmont in which my father's ancestors were born contained, until lately, a painting which the Chevalier's uncle brought from the Hotel de Valmont in Paris, and which my father prized beyond anything in his possession."

"Prized," said Mr. Vaughan, who listened with deep interest to Gemma's story, "Is it, then, his no longer?"

"He has been obliged to part with it. His circumstances are not good, and a large price was offered to him for the painting by an agent of the English Government. Just as he was painfully making up his mind to take the offer a friend made him a still more liberal proposal."

Gemma looked at Blanche and smiled, and Miss Tredethlyn returned the smile, while a faint flush of pleasure suffused her pale cheek.

Mr. Vaughan interpreted the looks.

"The picture is yours, Miss Tredethlyn," he said.

"It is my father's Mr. Vaughan. You will soon be able to tell us what you think of the painting, which will delight you, I am sure, because it is in keeping with all your pet antiquities about the castle. It is the marriage of the Queen of Scots with the Dauphin Francois; and the tradition in Gemma's family is that the young pair sat or rather stood for the portraits, so that they are fact, not fancy. I am so glad to think it is to be here; the castle will seem more like home to Gemma when she sees the painting before her eyes."

"Is it not yet unpacked?"

"No. My father is going to have it hung in the picture gallery; but it is in London now, being restored and reframed. I fear it will not arrive in time for my birthday. There are to be wonderful doings then, you know, and I am to be made ever so much of. Papa is so busy about it all, he can think of nothing else; and Gemma and I are to have carte blanche for our dresses, and we really don't know what to do with it."

"I am afraid I cannot advise you," said Mr. Vaughan.

Gemma had moved away from the others, and was looking out of a window, standing in one of her hatitually graceful attitudes. Blanche whispered to her companion:

"I wish she could be in my place, though I should not quite like to be in hers."

"And wherein is she more fitted for yours?"

"Because she is so beautiful, so graceful, so self-possessed. I suppose it's wrong, Mr. Vaughan, but I can't help believing in destiny, and it seems to me she is born for all kinds of good fortune, and I for all kinds of failure. Hish! I know you are going to scold me; but you need not indeed. I know how foolish this is, and that any other person might think me low-minded, envious, even jealous of Gemma's beauty and fascination. But you will not; you understand me."

"I understand you perfectly, Miss Tredethlyn."

"Have you no more treasures to show us in this part of the castle?" said Gemma, coming towards them again; "no more carved oak, or wrought silver, or tapestry, or anything?"

"No more," said Mr. Vaughan. "There are some other curious things—old manuscripts, books of hours, and so forth; but they are in the library, and you know them all."

"I hope all these things are not heirlooms," said Gemma. "Nobody would ever care so much about them as Blanche. It is bad enough to think of the dear old castle going into other hands."

"No," said Blanche, "Papa has told me that those things are all to be mine. I must build a house, I suppose, at that beautiful place he has bought in Ireland. So like papa—was it not?—to select the remotest place he could hear of, and set up a museum of antiquities. There is a beautiful ruin there already, papa tells me. What is the name of the place?"

"Kilferran Abbey, replied Mr. Vaughan. "It was a Dominican monastery once, and the whole district suffered much in former and later penal days. But it is even more secluded, I fancy, than Tredethlyn. I "Gemma and I will go and live there

"Oh, yes, I shall," returned Blanche. "Gemma and I will go and live there whenever I must see Tredethlyn pass into other hands. Papa talks of our going to see the place next year."

The preparations for the celebration of Miss Tredethlyn's birthday were made on a scale of great splendor. The fete was to be a double discharge of social obligations—the first large entertainment given by Sir Bernard, and the formal incuction of his daughter into her place at the head of his household. The castle was full of guests, and the accommodation afforded by two neighboring inns, though of a humble kind, was secured by Sir Bernard for several of the bachelor members of the party.

The day came, and the guests assembled in good time for the splendid dinner with which the festivities were to commence. Dressing-rooms were occupied; ladies' maids tripped to and fro, taking notes of toilettes for the warning or encouragement of their respective ladies; a pleasant air of bustle and anticipated pleasure spread itself over the house. Miss Tredethlyn was as yet invisible. She had been summoned to her father's private sitting-room, where she found him, attended by Mr. Vaughan and a grave and business-like personage, before whom lay some very important-looking documents. Sir Bernard had summoned his daughter by a line of writing, which directed her to come alone, and she was therefore unaccompanied by Gema. Her father and the other two gentlemen rose to receive her, and she faltered for a moment, daunted a little by a certain solemnity in the scene.

Blanche Tredethlyn had never looked so well. Her dress, pure white, of very simple form, but rich material, suited her slender figure, and harmonized with the refined lines and thoughtful cast of her face, which the joyful agitation of the moment had caused to flush becomingly.

"This is Mr. Maldon, Blanche," said Sir Bernard, taking her hand and leading her to the table, "who has brought me the papers relative to the purchase of Kilferran, and those by which I confer it on you. It is yours from this day, my dear."

Blanche said nothing, but clung to her father, with tears gathering thickly in her eyes.

Don't cry, you silly child, or Mr. Maldon will think you very unfit to manage your property. He wants to consult you about it to-morrow. And now," he took a box from the table, "I am going to give you your real birthday present."

Sir Bernard opened the box, and displayed, resting on a bed of green velvet, a string of magnificent pearls, lutarous, sheeny, soft and exquisitely shaped. Blanche uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, papa, I never saw such pearls!"

"They are very fine, my dear, the finest I could get. But how do you like the pendant? He lifted the necklace from its case, and hung it over her hand. The pendant was a remarkable jewel, of a fashion which Blanche had never seen. It was a fair balas-ruby, clear, smooth and red, heart-shaped, and laid upon it with a well-feigned carelessness, was one softly white pearl. The girl gazed at the superb jewel, speechless with admiration and delight. The first words she spoke were:

"It must have cost a fortune."

"Not to me," said her father. "That jewel, Blanche, is one of the ancient treasures of Tredethlyn; but it is not an heirloom, and I always meant that on this day it should be yours."

"Was it—was it, mamma's?" asked Blanche, in an agitated voice.

"No, my child. You will be the first who has ever worn it since it came out of the sea. Mr. Vaughn did not tell you the story, because I wished you to see the jewel to-day for the first time. A hundred and fifty years ago, on a night of tremendous tempest, a huge mass of the cliff beyond the sea front of Tredethlyn fell, and when the sea calmed, and adventurous boatmen explored the new face of the coast, they found the entrance to an immense cave, whose existence had never been suspected, laid bare. Craggy rocks hollowed into caverns formed its sides, and in their crevices, among wisps of seaweeds, shells and all the debris of the sea, were found strange, ghastly relics of shipwreck and ruin. Many a skeleton could have been formed of the scattered bones; and of the more durable objects, such as metals, some remained in comparative preservation. It was a favorite and dangerous pursuit for some time to explore the crevices of the cave at low water. The people called it the Spaniard's cave, because they found there the remains of a ship's carved figurehead of a Spanish fashion. There was a ready market at Tredethlyn for such waifs as they chose to sell to Sir Hugh, and they were for the most part quite worthless. One of the things they brought to the castle was a small, but very strong chain, formed of iron links, crusted thick with rust, but not decayed, to which a small iron purse was attached. The thing looked, when I saw it first, not thirty years ago, like a lump of rusty metal, nothing more. No one thought about it, I presume, or if any one had any surmise, took it for an amulet or a reliquary; at all events it lay in Sir Hugh's time and in Sir Dennis', and in the time of all the Tredethlyns since, unnoticed in the cabinet of shells and stones and mineral specimens which you have seen in the library, until a short time ago, when Mr. Vaughan and I, in re-arranging the cabinet, found the piece of rusty chain, and set to work to clean it. In doing so we wrenched some links asunder, and found what we thought was a pebble which had been imbedded in an interstice of the chain. Imagine our astonishment when we dislodged from a coating of rust and dirt, the splendid gem which' — here Sir Bernard fastened the pearls on Blanche's neck—"becomes you so well now."

"Just the same as it is?" asked Blanche in amazement.

"Just the same, except that it has been in the hands of a clever jeweler, who has furbished it up. By-the-way, Vaughan, Jacobson was mightily puzzled by my balas ruby, and very curious about its origin. He says there is no such design known to the jewel-workers now."

"I dare say not. I wish we could know its history; it is like one of the sentimental, emblematical, romantic jewels of Queen Elizabeth's time, of which one finds entries in the old records.'

While her father and Mr. Vaughan were speaking, Blanche stood, thoughtfully looking down upon the jewel upon her breast.

"Gemma will wonder at it," she said, "and she and I will make many a story out of our own imagination about the hands it passed through. How long ago is it, papa, since the ship was lost, do you think, and the lady who wore this ruby drowned?"

"God only knows, my darling. We can't tell whether it came out of a lost chip, though it is most probable, or whether a man or woman wore and lost it. It may have made part of a jeweller's cargo, you know."

"What! carefully enclosed in an iron purse? No, no. A lady wore it. And she was handsome and grand! Thank you, papa, a thousand times, for your beautiful, beautiful present—and Gemma and I will make up our minds about the story of the lady, and tell it to you, when you've time to listen."

CHAPTER V.

The birthday festival was a brilliant affair; Sir Bernard had the gratification of seeing that his daughter took her place with all the traditional grace and propriety of a Tredethlyn, and that the entente cordiale which his long absence might have endangered subsisted intact between him and his neighbors. Next to Miss Tredethlyn, who naturally commanded the chief share of the general attention, her friend Gemma di Valdimonte was the observed of all observers, to which her novelty contributed no less than her beauty. The richness and taste of her dress, the elegance of her figure, and the ease and grace of her dancing were popular themes, especially among the young men, while there was no small curiosity among the elder ladies concerning this beautiful foreigner. That she was Miss Tredethlyn's "companion" was a notion to be flouted with scorn; she was much too handsome, too "superior," for that kind of thing, and it was known that she was highly born. No, this brilliant girl was the bosom friend of Miss Tredethlyn, who was of a romantic turn—romance was in vogue forty years ago—and the perfect attachment between them was highly interesting; especially as her friend was so much handsomer than Miss Tredethlyn. Sir Bernard would perhaps have been mortified if he had heard, among the groups in his stately saloons, such frequent remarks on this disparity, and if he had known that for one approving comment made on Blanche's appearance, a score were devoted to her jewels.

The fame of the splendid necklace and its pendant spread quickly through the rooms. The story of the ruby heart had been told with great success, at dinner, by Mr. Vaughan, and afterwards Blanche had handed the jewel round for inspection. As Gemma clasped the chain of pearls around her neck she whispered:

"I have seen a jewel like that before."

"Have you, Gemma? Where?"

"I will tell you another time, or rather I will show you."

There was no more opportunity for the girls to talk just then, each was swept away into the crowd of dancers; but many times Blanche caught Gemma's smile of meaning, and it added a new and delightful mystery to the romances which her brain was weaving, even in that busy scene, about the former story of the ruby heart bearing the tear of pearl. And when the ball had concluded, and the guests had retired, when Blanche had been kissed and complimented by her father, and she and Gemma were alone again, she recurred to the subject. But Gemma put it off laughingly.

"You are too curious," she said, "and I am determined to administer a moral lesson to you, by not gratifying your inquisitiveness until I choose. I shan't tell you where I saw a jewel like that, until—until—you must wait even to know until when."

Blanche submitted to the playful imperiousness of her friend, and laying the necklace by, they began to talk about the ball.

"What a number of strange faces," said Blanche, "and yet of familiar names; I know every one in the room almost, except the officers, by name, and no one in reality. Did you enjoy it very much, Gemma? Which of your partners did you like best?"

"I enjoyed it very much," said Gemma, "and I liked Captain Ramsay best. He was much the handsomest man in the room."

"You danced with him early in the night, I think?"

"Yes, and late, too. He bespoke the last dance. Which of your partners did you like best?"

"I don't know," said Blanche Tredethlyn, but as she uttered the words she blushed deeply, for she knew her answer was not the truth.

Captain Ruthven Ramsay was one of the bachelor guests of Sir Bernard for whom quarters had been secured at an inn. He was only a captain in a line regiment, with very little to live on beside his pay, and, being the younger son of a family as notoriously poor as it was undeniably distinguished, had no particular expectations. He was indeed about the last on the "young men" list of that season, on whom the fashionable mothers of society would have looked with favor. But the same could by no means be said of their daughters. The teachings and warnings of fashion must needs have been very deeply and effectually impressed upon any girl, her impulses have been utterly kept down indeed, and her mind very thoroughly perverted, if she did not feel that Ruthven Ramsay was not a man of an everyday kind, but one whose life was lived on a higher level than that of his fellows in general. Certain famous lines about "preaching down a daughter's heart" had not been written in those days, but the thing was done perhaps more easily than now, when daughters are little disposed to bear preaching of any sort; and many a domestic homily had been administered on the poverty of the Ramsays, the utter impossibility of the Sir Lewis Ramsay in esse or the Sir Alexander Ramsay in posse "doing anything" for Captain Ruthven, and thence the unprincipled folly of which Captain Ruthven would be guilty if he should attempt to marry otherwise than for money. Hitherto Captain Ruthven Ramsay had not offered any temptation to such wicked disobedience on the part of the fair students of expediency; he had never been seriously spoken of as the admirer of anyone, and to his already considerable claims to female admiration, there had gradually been added that of reputed indifference, even invulnerability.

(To be Continued.)

A Boer Library.

A trooper of the Dublin Hunt contingent of the Imperial Yeomanry, who was taken prisoner with many others at Lindley, writes a letter from Nooitgedacht, which was recently published in a Dublin newspaper. He writes: "Well, here I am in a beautiful barbed wire 'cage' with some 1,500 other unfortunates. Our clothing is picturesque in the extreme. A man with a seat in his pants is as rare as a Jubilee sixpence, and when met with is treated with the greatest deference. Our house is a little sty about two feet high, made of mud and roofed with a ragged blanket. Literature has its votaries. There is a fine circulating library, consisting of two copies of the Half-Penny Comic, a year old; three pages from an equally antiquated number of Sketch, and three pamphlets about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, partly printed in English and partly in Dutch. The fact that these well-thumbed pamphlets bear the appearance of having been read and re-read, makes me think Brother Boer knows a good thing when he sees it, and there are a lot of us who would feel all the better if we had some of the pills instead of the pill literature. However, we keep the 'library' in circulation, and like Mark Tapley, endeavor to take as much enjoyment out of the situation as we can."

Low Rates on Gold Coin.

Immense quantities of gold are shipped nowadays across the ocean, and the danger of loss is so small that the precious stuff may be insured at so low a rate as one-tenth of 1 per cent. It is insured just like so much grain, and the documents, written in old style legal phases, guarantee its safety against all perils of the seas, including "men-of-war, fires, enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jettisons, letters of marque, reprisals, takings at sea, arrests and detainments of all kings, princes," etc. Every large trans-Atlantic steamship has on board a treasure-room, which is a great steel box built much like a vault on land.

Improved on Marconi.

A German professor by the name of Rosenberg has invented a system of wireless telegraphy which he claims is an improvement over that brought out by Marconi. The professor's idea is to reduce the size of his transmitter and receiver so that it may be carried in one's pocket. This would enable a person, so it is claimed, to walk along the street or sit in his office and communicate with his home.

There is no index of character so sure as the voice.—Disraeli.

WITH THE BIG GUNS.

Interesting Letter From Ernie Hudson in South Africa.

BRUSHES WITH THE BOERS.

Breakdown Camp, near Warm baths, Sunday, Sept. 9th, 1900.

Joseph Riach, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how we are getting along. We had things a little more lively lately, I am glad to say. We formed part of a flying column under B.-P. We left our camp on the 19th and started towards Pretoria, but we only got a glimpse of it through the hills, but we saw Lord Roberts that morning, so that more than made up for our disappointment at not going into Pretoria. Lord Roberts reviewed us as we were crossing the railroad track. We thought of the way we looked as we marched past him that morning, and the way we have to buck up and hold your head just so, when we have a march past at Niagara Camp. Some of us had our coats off. In fact, I believe we were all in our shirt sleeves, and we were also pretty dusty, and quite a few with the knees out of our trousers. Active service and camp are very different, I can assure you. Well, we were on the Dutchmen's trail hot and heavy. We knew by certain things we saw that they couldn't be over three miles or so ahead of us (this was on the 20th), and our right section guns, numbers 1 and 2, did some splendid work by saving two squadrons of the Rhodesians that afternoon. Colonel Sprekley was killed that afternoon. On the 21st we came into action at Pinaar River Station, and talk about a lively ride, we had one in the afternoon, just before we came into action. The Dutchmen started to run, and our troops after them, and it was fun and no mistake, everybody riding as fast as their horses could carry them. Through bush and deep sand, over stumps, our guns went at a gallop, and the gunners had to hang on like grim death. Bun Smith was head driver on our gun, No. 5, and he did well except once we struck a stump, about 18 inches high and about six inches through, at the gallop, and you can imagine the result. Well, we had to cross the railroad track, and the way we came out of the bush and across that track and came into action was fine. The people stood with open mouths. I guess they thought perdition was let loose. We dropped some shells into them, so did the pom pom, which was also with us. We camped there for the night and left next morning at 7.15. I forgot to say a Boer officer was brought in that night. We shot his horse and he ran about half a mile, then quietly sat down and awaited developments. On the 22nd we made our fastest marching; we made 22 miles in a little over three hours through a very rough piece of country. We caught up to the Dutchmen at 4.30 in the afternoon and we gave it to them in proper style as they were retreating through a nek. All our guns, the pom pom, some 15-pounders and the Maxims were blazing away for all they were worth. They must have lost some men, as all our shells burst splendidly. Well, if you could have seen us that afternoon, dirty, ragged, thirsty and hungry, and both men and horses tired out, you would have taken us for a gang of tramps. But the best was to come. Warmbaths, as the name indicates, is a place containing a number of baths, the water for which comes from springs both hot and cold, and is supposed to be beneficial for certain diseases, and we proceeded en masse to avail ourselves of what we hadn't had for a long time, a warm bath. The baths are about 6 feet long and 3 feet deep. We filled them and then talk about luxuries, why the marble baths of ancient Rome were not a patch to them. Some of the boys got some soap from a house (I forgot to mention we hadn't seen any soap for quite a while), well, when we came back to camp again we hardly knew each other, we looked so clean. Nothing happened of any account after that. We marched to Mylestrome, but the Dutchmen evacuated the place before we arrived, and we came back again on the 27th, and on the 29th B. P. made us all a farewell speech, and if ever a man was heartily cheered it was B. P. We all think the world of him, and as the train pulled out he was cheered again. He handed his force over to Colonel Plumer, as he was leaving. I believe we are now attached to General Paget's column. We were all sorry to separate from B. P.'s column, as we have been with them so long. Last Monday, I believe, it was Labor Day in Canada, the Dutchmen commenced shelling our camp at daybreak. Their first shell dropped into a bunch of niggers about 100 yards to the left of our camp. The gentlemen of color were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, when the rude awakening came, and if you ever saw a scattering it was there. I don't blame them; a 45 pound shell dropping at your feet is hardly the most polite way of waking a man up. The second was time shrapnel, and burst splendidly right over a bunch of horses, and the third knocked over our officer's tent, about 30 feet from our horse lines, so we thought it was about time to seek for pastures new. We accordingly moved off to support the 4.7 gun on a small kopje, we were behind the big gun under cover of the brush, and we witnessed a duel between our 4.7 and the Dutchmen's 45 pounder. Say but that 4.7 makes a wicked noise when she is fired, and the roar of the shell when she bursts is awful. Well, the Dutchmen's shells were dropping all around us, but, I am glad to say, none were hit. Their shells were very defective, very few burst properly. We picked up lots of them with just the fuse blown out. One dropped about 12 paces from our number six gun, so we shifted our position, and after that their firing gradually slackened. I did not hear the number of casualties. I believe they were light though, I am glad to say. That evening our gun, with an escort of about 100 British infantry (the West Ridings) left Warm Baths at 7 o'clock, and marched to our present position. We arrived at 10 p. m., and have been here ever since. The reason we came here was that the Boers derailed a train and we are here as a guard while the track and engine are being repaired. There are 114 men here, all told, but we are well entrenched, and if Mr. Boer feels inclined to pay us a visit we will tender him the warmest kind of a reception. We built an epaulment for our gun, on which a Canadian flag is proudly flying, so now all we have to do is to attend to our horses twice a day and sleep the rest of the time. We have 11 horses with us. There is just the gun detachment and the drivers here, and Lieut. King, and we are contented to stay here as long as they mind to keep us. The weather is getting uncomfortably hot, and it makes a person feel weary. It seems to take all the life out of a man. All you want to do is lie down and sleep, and you bet we act accordingly. They expect to have the engine on the track to-night, but as to staying here after that is completed, I cannot say. I hope we do. We are drawing rations from the infantry officer here, and are getting more than we were getting in our own camp. I will be glad when it is all over, and I can sit down to a table again. It gets monotonous in time. It was lots of fun on the flying column, but in camp it is tiresome.

P. S.—The Dutchmen sent in word last Friday giving us until to-night to surrender. What do you think of that for gall?

Ernie Hudson.

Must Learn Life Spots.

The first task of a Chinese medical student upon entering the Imperial College at Shanghai is to learn the 300 "life spots" in the human body, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. A "life spot" is supposed to be a place through which a needle may be passed without causing death. The Chinese believe firmly in demoniacal possessions, and their doctors do a good deal of stabbing and prodding to make holes for the purpose of letting out the evil spirits that are causing the sickness. I was called in to see one poor fellow who was dying of jaundice, and counted over 80 punctures in his chest and arms. The Chinese practitioners had furnished the demon with plenty of exits, but he declined to depart. When a criminal is executed the native doctors are nearly always on hand to secure sections of the body to use in compounding their medicines. A powder made of the thigh bones is believed to be a specific for the disease known to science as "miner's anaemia," which is caused by a parasite and easily controlled by proper remedies.

Hard to Understand Women.

"Oh, you can't please a woman," he said, disgustedly; "it's no use trying."

"What's happened now?"

"I met that pretty Miss Brown in a dark hallway and kissed her. I didn't think she'd mind, you know."

"And did she mind?"

"Well, she pretended to be very angry, so I thought I'd smooth things down by telling her that it was all a mistake, that I thought she was somebody else."

"And then?"

"Why, then she really was very angry."—Chicago Post.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours.—Locke.

A precedent embalms a principle.—Disraeli.

THE YOUNG GROW OLD BEFORE THEIR TIME.

When youth shows infirmity, when old age creeps in before its time, when the days that should be the best of manhood and womanhood are burdened with aches, pain and weakness, we know that the nervous system is wearing out and that there is imminent danger of nervous prostration, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or insanity.

How we admire the old in years—crowned with silvered hair, yet erect in stature, faculties retained with vigor necessary to the declining years—cheerful, bright, grand old age. How lamentable is youthful infirmity, middle-aged enfeeblement, parting of the ways too soon, told by restlessness, starting up violently during sleep, morning languor, tired, fagged, worn-out; trembling limbs, worried brain, mind aimless and depressed.

Whatever the indirect cause, the condition is lack of Nerve Force — nerve waste has not been repaired. It won't repair itself. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food furnishes in condensed pill form the nerve nutriment which repairs nerve waste. There rests the secret of the wonderful cures made by this great nerve-building medicine.

Mr. A. T. P. Lalame, railway agent at Clerenceville, Que., writes: "For twelve years I have been run down with nervous debility. I suffered much and consulted doctors, and used medicines in vain. Some months ago I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, used two boxes, and my health improved so rapidly that I ordered twelve more.

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